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DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '79-tf.

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Administrator's Sale OF Valuable Real Estate!

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, to me directed, I will expose at public sale, on the premises, in Addison township, on

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1883,

at 1 o'clock, the following real estate, to wit:

A tract of land situate in Addison township, Somerset county, Pa., containing 116 ¾ acres, more or less, of which there is about 90 acres cleared, 20 acres in meadow, adjoining lands of Asa Jacobs, Daniel Augustus, Peter Turney's heirs and Philip Turney, having a two story frame house, log barn and other out building thereon erected.

TERMS:

One-half cash, one-third after payment of debts to remain a lien upon the property, the interest to be paid annually to Matilda Milleman, and at her death the principal sum to be paid to the heirs of Joseph Milleman, deceased, the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest.

MARSHALL HILES LAW,
Administrator of Joseph H Beman.
mar7

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE!!

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale, on the premises, at 1 o'clock p. m., on

Friday, March 30, 1883,

the following real estate, to wit: A tract of land situate in Lower Turkeyfoot township, Somerset county, Pa., containing one hundred and sixty-five acres, more or less, of which there is about sixty acres cleared, ten acres in meadow, adjoining lands of J. W. Burkholder, Mrs. Rhoda Jennings, D. J. McBaugh & Co., and others, having a story and a half log house, log barn and other out buildings thereon erected; also, a fine cranberry glade on the premises, from which can be gathered from 50 to 100 bushels of cranberries.

TERMS

One half cash, balance in six months with interest; ten per cent of the hand money to be paid as soon as the property is knocked down.

THOMAS REAM,
Administrator of Jacob W. Younkin, dec'd.
mar7

THE TWO FLEETS.

The sea was bright and the sea was bland,
And the tide danced in as merrily,
When a sailor pushed his boat from the sand,
And the waves kept time with his homely glee,
For the sailor hummed: "Two fleets there be,
And one sails over the sun-lit waves
And one lies under the sombre sea."

The sea was bland and the sun was bright,
And a favoring wind blew frush and free,
And the lessening sail disappeared from sight;
But the old refrain still remained with me
Which the sailor sang—"Two fleets there be,
And one sails over the sun-lit waves
And one lies under the sombre sea."

The tide danced out with the freight it bore;
Ah, the tide came back soon smilingly,
But the sailor's boat never touched the shore.
And I sing to myself, for I cannot flee
From the haunting strain—"Two fleets there be,
And one sails over the sun-lit waves
And one lies under the sombre sea."

So one by one from the chilling world
The fleet sail down to the dismal lee—
To the fleet where every sail is furled,
And my heart keeps time to the mystic key,
While I drift and sing, "Two fleets there be,
And one sails over the sun-lit waves
And one lies under the sombre sea."

So a little while and he who sings
Shall hum no more his songs to thee;
So they who watch his sun-lit winds
Shall hear, perchance, when they cannot see
The lips which sing, "Two fleets there be,
And one sails over the sun-lit waves,
And ones lies under the sombre sea."

A PASSING CLOUD.

"Val, will you take my advice?"

"It depends on whether it suits my fancy, dear. Did you ever know any one to take advice otherwise?"

Lady Marchmont laughed.

"I am afraid mine will hardly do in this instance. I would suggest that you take a book and read, as the same time would pass much quicker if you did not study the clock every five minutes. There is one on the table that could not fail to interest you; it is the story of the pretty fair maid who suffered all the 'pangs, the agonies, the doubts' of true love, which did not, like yours, run smooth."

"I should probably throw it to the other end of the room after five minutes."

"And to think," said Lady Marchmont, meditatively, "to think that six months ago you did not know this hero who is now making such havoc in your peace of mind."

Valerie rose impatiently from her seat, and walked across to the window, a frown ruffling the serenity of her white forehead, and a vexed look in her pretty gray eyes.

She was a tall, slender girl, with more claims to beauty than are accorded from the mere possession of regular features and a faultless complexion, with good features interesting and attractive.

Val's chief charm lay in her entire unconsciousness of self, and the animated play of her mobile, sensitive face in which, as in her clear gray eyes, was reflected every emotion of her sympathetic nature. She was a girl who from impulse might probably act hastily or thoughtlessly, but who would be only too ready to own her error if once convinced of it; a rare virtue indeed, for surely the hardest of all concessions is that which avows, "I was wrong."

Val's abrupt movement caused Lady Marchmont to look up inquiringly, and she divined the cause of her displeasure. The young lady had certain peculiar notions of her own, and did not like being joked about her love and her lover; especially before a third person. Ere Lady Marchmont could however atone for her indiscretion, another lady present looked up from her work and said quietly:

"Is it not wonderful how willing we women are to trust our happiness and our future in the hands of men whom, for the most part, we know little?"

The speaker was a slight, fair woman, whose age would be difficult to guess.

She was one of those persons whom one would at first declare to be quite unattractive, and shortly discover that they possess a strange fascination. Whether it was her peculiarly clear, low toned voice or a certain air of quiet self-possession which nothing seemed to ruffle, it was undeniable that Mrs. Maitland had had her share of admirers, and in this her third year of widowhood was said to have received more than one offer to change her name and her apparently not inconsolable state.

Val glanced at her with a slightly contemptuous look in her eyes.

"Your remark has no significance for me, Mrs. Maitland, for I know Captain Dalrymple thoroughly," she said, with a happy confidence in her tone.

A slight smile played for a moment around Mrs. Maitland's thin lips and she dropped her eyes again over her work.

"Oh, you think you do," she answered in her quiet tones, which somehow or other generally had the effect of irritating Val, "which does as well—nay, better, for few of us would profit by an intimate knowledge of the lives of most men."

"The life of every honorable man is the same," returned Val, indignantly. "Your experience of the other sex must have been unfortunate, Mrs. Maitland?"

There was a slight accession of color in the widow's usual passive cheek as she replied in a somewhat sarcastic tone:

"I admire, if I do not emulate, your charming confidence, Miss Charteris. I hope you may never have cause to regret it, but I think when you are a few years older you will acknowledge that men are all alike, and that self is the guiding star of their existence."

"I refuse to believe it," said Val. "You are welcome to your opinion, Mrs. Maitland; leave me to the enjoyment of mine. There are bad alike in both sexes, but what does it matter if there are worthless men, when the one in whom one trusts and believes is all he should be?" And with this Val turned her back on her antagonist, and dropping into an easy chair, gave herself up to a mental revision of the virtues of her chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.

What sweet smiles circled her lips, what a happy light shown in her eyes as she lived over again the brief period of wooing, when the old story, that is ever so new in the telling, was whispered into her willing ears.

Oh, bright time of youth and love that comes but once to all, that passes all too quickly, but which in after years has still the power to kindle a flame in our worn out, weary hearts!

"Val," said Lady Marchmont, breaking into the reverie, as she bent over and spoke in a low tone, "where are your thoughts? I hear the dog cart going round to the front door."

Val brought herself back from a delightful past to a still more delightful present, and sat up in an expectant attitude with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks.

In a few minutes the door was flung open and Captain Dalrymple was announced.

He was a tall soldierly-looking man, with a grave, serious face, and dark, earnest eyes, which, when he smiled, softened and lit up in a wonderfully attractive manner.

In the presence of the two ladies Valerie's greeting with him was necessarily restrained, a silent, but expressive pressure of the hands, and Captain Dalrymple turned to Lady Marchmont:

"I have to thank you for your great kindness in extending to me your invitation to Val."

"I am too delighted to see you," answered Lady Marchmont heartily, "and for the rest, you know Val would not have consented to come if you had not also favored us with your company."

As she spoke she half turned toward Mrs. Maitland with the intention of introducing her, when to Val's astonishment, that lady came forward, holding out her hand, as she said with her most fascinating smile:

"There's no need for an introduction, Lady Marchmont; Captain Dalrymple and I are old friends."

Val turned her gaze to her lover's face, and saw there an expression that she could not exactly fathom. Was it surprise, annoyance or embarrassment? He seemed for a moment somewhat at a loss for a reply.

"I did not expect to meet you," he said at length.

"The unexpected always happens, you know," replied Mrs. Maitland, laughing.

What did it mean? Val asked herself. That they should be acquainted with each other was not wonderful, but why had Mrs. Maitland been silent on the point toward her, and above all, why should her presence apparently disconcert Vernon in some way?

She had no time to ponder further on the subject, for the next moment Captain Dalrymple turned to her with his attractive smile, under the influence of which Val's disquietude melted instantly.

How absurd to worry about such a thing, when of course at the first opportunity Vernon would explain it all! This thought revived her spirits, and when a few moments later the party was swelled by some other guests staying at the Hall, she was the gayest of the gay, enjoying delightful little asides with Captain Dalrymple, which enabled her totally to forget the existence of Mrs. Maitland.

"Meet me in the drawing room before any one is down," she whispered to him as they separated to dress for dinner.

"All right, darling," he replied, as he smiled down on her with those eloquent dark eyes that had won her heart's allegiance.

Captain Dalrymple performed his toilet in a very short space of time, and repaired at once to the drawing room, there to await Val. He wandered into the conservatory and paced about restlessly. One of the glass doors opening close by him caused him to turn quickly with a smile of welcome on his lips, when to his utter surprise he found himself confronted by Mrs. Maitland.

She came quickly forward with the quiet gliding walk which was peculiar to her, but her habitual self possession seemed strangely ruffled.

"I must apologize for thus intruding on you," she said, "but there is something I wish particularly to ask you."

"Indeed?" returned Captain Dalrymple. His voice had taken the coldest intonation, his face wore its gravest aspect.

"Don't look at me like that, Vernon, as though my presence were so utterly distasteful to you," she went on with some agitation, whether real or feigned he could not determine. I shall not detain you long. What I want to ask of you is that you will not mention to Miss Charteris what took place between us a year ago."

"Do you think it likely, Mrs. Maitland, I should mention the subject?"

"Not intentionally, perhaps, but these things come out sometimes unawares, and I could not bear to be subjected to Miss Charteris' ridicule and scorn."

"You need, I assure you, have no fear. I shall be silent on that score."

"You will give me your sacred promise to that effect, will you not?" she said, eagerly.

He looked at her in surprise.

"I fail to understand you, Mrs. Maitland, but since my simple assurance does not satisfy you I am quite willing to pledge you my word."

As he spoke the drawing room door opened slowly, and Val appeared on the threshold.

The room was a very long one, and Dalrymple, standing in the conservatory, with his back turned that way, did not see or hear her. Not so with Mrs. Maitland. True, she did not glance in that direction, but she knew perfectly well who had entered.

She dropped her voice, but advanced a few steps nearer to him.

"I cannot thank you sufficiently," she said, looking at him most eloquently, "you do not know what a weight you have lifted from my mind."

As she spoke she took both his hands in hers, and giving them a tender pressure turned and disappeared through the door by which she had entered, leaving Captain Dalrymple gazing after her with a very perplexed countenance.

"What is the meaning of this," he pondered. "I never could fathom that woman. How unfortunate she should be here now.!"

Ere he turned to re-enter the drawing room, Val, who stood at the open door motionless during these few minutes, slowly drew it after her, and crept up stairs again, with a strange chill at her heart.

Mrs. Maitland likewise hastened to regain her room.

"How well I calculated," she murmured to herself, a triumphant light shining in her cold, blue eyes; "that was a good move of mine; I knew she would want some explanation with her lover relative to our meeting; she will be still more anxious for it now, and he will refuse to give it, for he has promised, and Vernon Dalrymple never goes back from his word. How I hate that girl with her confidence and pride in his love. Let us see if her trust of which she boasts will stand her now in good stead. Who knows but what I may win him yet? At any rate, I shall make her suffer."

Meanwhile Vernon, as yet in happy ignorance of the trouble fate was preparing for him, had given up all hope of his tete-a-tete with Val, as one after another the guests assembled in the drawing room, she only making her appearance a few minutes before dinner was announced. At the first touch of her fingers on his arm as they went in to dinner he felt that something was wrong. He glanced at her earnestly, but her face was averted.

"What made you forget your appointment with me, dear?" he asked in low tones as they seated themselves at the table.

"I did not forget," answered Val, scorning to make an excuse.

"No?" in some surprise. "I suppose something detained you, then. I will forgive you this time, but I don't know that I shall be so lenient again," and he smiled tenderly down on he.

To his dismay it won no response.

Val had not yet recovered from the unpleasant shock her feelings had received, but she was too angry, too puzzled to clearly define her thoughts; she was chiefly conscious of an intense hatred and jealousy of Mrs. Maitland. It was scarcely wonderful that she should be silent and abstracted during dinner, but the party was too large and too animated for this to be noticed save by two of its members.

"Dalrymple," said Sir Harry Marchmont, claiming that gentleman's attention, "I was introduced to-day to a brother of yours. Did you know he was in these parts?"

"My brother Hubert, I suppose? I remember now his telling me he was going to stay with some friends of his, the Sinclairs, but I did not know their place was near here."

"Only half an hour's drive," returned Sir Harry. "He's a confoundedly handsome fellow—I should say a great favorite with the fair sex. I asked him over to breakfast to-morrow and to spend the day. He told me he had not yet made the acquaintance of his future sister-in-law."

"No, to be sure. Hubert is the only one of us you do not know," said Vernon, turning to Val. "I think you will like him. He's an awfully good natured fellow, a little spoiled, perhaps, but, according to Sir Harry, that is hardly to be wondered at."

Val's face, however, plainly expressed entire indifference to Hubert Dalrymple's merits or demerits.

When the gentlemen returned to the drawing room Dalrymple made his way at once to Val, who was sitting somewhat apart, and, bending over her, said in a low tone:

"What is amiss with you, dear? You do not seem yourself this evening."

It is not likely, Val thought, that she should be herself, when she had seen that creature, as she inwardly designated Mrs. Maitland, standing by his side, holding his hands, and making eyes at him positively, as though she had the right to do so. She could bear it no longer, she must have an explanation at once, she resolved.

"Come out on the terrace," she said, rising impetuously. "I want to speak to you."

He followed her obediently, and when they were beyond sight or hearing of any one, said gently:

"Well, what is troubling you, dear?"

"What is there between you and Mrs. Maitland?" asked Val, fixing her clear glance on him, as she abruptly plunged "in medias res."

Captain Dalrymple regarded her in unfeigned astonishment:

"What is there between Mrs. Maitland and me?" he repeated slowly. "My dear Val, I don't understand you."

"And I don't understand you," hotly responded the young lady. "You cannot deny, Vernon, that when you met Mrs. Maitland you looked very, very taken aback."

"I have no wish to deny anything, Val," he answered, "it is true I was somewhat surprised to see Mrs. Maitland."

"But why should you be more surprised to see her than any other acquaintance?"

"My dear Val," he said, half playfully, "you are surely not going to quarrel with me on account of Mrs. Maitland. I did not think you were given to jealousy."

"Jealousy," repeated Val, giving her disturbed feelings full vent. "I have a right to be jealous, I think, when I see another woman, whom I did not even know to be acquainted with you, holding an interview with you of apparently a most intimate nature."

So here was the explanation of Val's conduct. Dalrymple looked what he felt—thoroughly aghast.

"I see," he said, after a moment's pause, "that you have more cause for annoyance than I imagined. If I cannot give you a very full explanation of what I am aware must seem strange in your eyes, I am sure your confidence in me will enable you to accept without hesitation what I am going to say. I have known Mrs. Maitland for years, and she wished to speak to me alone on a matter that concerns herself."

"And it was necessary to the communication that she should hold your hands?" asked Val, sarcastically.

Dalrymple looked at her with his searching eyes.

"I see what is in your mind, Val," he answered quietly, "but I can hardly believe that you can mistrust me thus, that you can wrong yourself and insult me by such suspicions. Were I free to do so I would willingly explain all, but unfortunately I am not."

"Because you have promised her not to do so, I suppose?" returned Val, her eyes flashing; "and a promise to her is to rank before consideration of my feelings. After what I witnessed this evening I have a right to demand a full explanation, and I will accept that or none." Saying this, she reared her head with the dignity of a queen, and left Captain Dalrymple alone to ponder over the unforseen dilemma in which he found himself placed.

The flush of anger still lingered on Val's cheeks as she re-entered the room, and Mrs. Maitland noticing it with her watchful eyes, smiled maliciously as she said to herself;

"I score the first points in the game."

Val awoke the next morning with a dull aching pain at the heart, the cause of which she only too soon remembered.

Of trouble of any kind she had hitherto had no experience, and she felt quite overwhelmed at the dreary prospect before her should she continue he rquarrel with Vernon. Why not put an end to it, she asked herself, and trust to him, as she had been so ready to declare she could do under any circumstances.

Then the thought that he had a secret with Mrs. Maitland, which was unshared by her, obtruded itself and she grew obdurate again.

She remained in her room until summoned by the breakfast bell, and then slipped into a place at the table which hid her from Vernon's sight.

Hubert Dalrymple was one of the party. He was certainly very handsome, with dark eyes, which wore a languid, sleepy look in them very well suited to his style.

For all that he was observant, and could see as much with his half closed eyes as most people with theirs wide open, and he had not been many minutes at the table ere he perceived something was seriously wrong between his brother and his betrothed.

Breakfast over he approached Val and said with a smile wonderfully like Vernon's:

"Come for a stroll with me, will you? As we are soon to be related, it is only natural I should wish to be better acquainted with you."

Val was fain to consent. She was only too anxious to escape from Vernon's presence; the misery of being with him and yet estranged from him was more than she could bear.

After walking for awhile, Hubert making vain attempts to amuse Val with his light talk, they seated themselves on a shady bench, the former said without further preface:

"What is there wrong with you and Vernon?"

Val flushed crimson.

"I don't understand you."

"Don't you?" answered Hubert in his lazy tones. "I should have thought my meaning pretty clear. I am not a very clever fellow, Miss Charteris, but it don't require very bright wits to discover there was something amiss."

Val made no rejoinder, in truth she was experiencing some difficulty in keeping from tears.

"I think it such a pity for people to fall out about trifles," proceeded Hubert, "for knowing Vernon as I do, I can't believe he can have given you any real cause for complaint. There's not a better fellow breathing than he. I, as his brother, ought to be able to give an opinion on the subject."

Still Val sat silent; and felt half inclined to be angry with this officious young man for his interference in her private affairs, but somehow, in spite of all, it was so sweet to hear Vernon praised.

"You won't be offended with me, I hope, if I tell you you are very lucky to have won his love," continued Mr. Dalrymple, in no way discomposed at having all the talk to himself. "Vernon's not like me, you know. I can't help spooning every pretty girl I come across, but with him, you are the first woman he has ever loved or spoken to of love."

Val turned to him eagerly.

"Are you sure—quite sure?"

Mr. Dalrymple laid his handsome head back against the tree and surveyed her from under his half closed lids with an expression of amusement.

"I think I see light at last," he mused; "the little girl is jealous—I fancy I know of whom."

"Quite sure," he said aloud; "but that has not prevented many women being in love with him. There's a certain lady, not a dozen miles from here, who tried hard to win him."

"Do you mean Mrs. Maitland?" asked Val. in a low, hurried tone.

"What makes you guess that?"

"Because—oh, because I have been very unhappy through her," said Val, clasping her hands together with a pathetic little gesture, her gray eyes full of tears.

"Tell me all about it," responded Hubert, tenderly, and to Val's surprise she found herself detailing her grievance to this young man, who an hour ago had been unknown to her.

As she concluded she was somewhat taken aback at Mr. Dalrymple giving vent to a hearty fit of laughter.

"How deep the little widow is," he said; "but I see her game. She thought to make a quarrel between you and Vernon and perhaps gain his heart in the rebound. Valerie, you really deserve to know the truth, especially after confiding in me. Listen to me. A year ago, Mrs. Maitland, reversing the general order of things, made an offer to Vernon of her hand, heart and very ample fortune."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Val.

"Not impossible—unusual, if you like," answered Hubert, dryly. "We have known her for years, and she was always awfully sweet on Vernon. When she became her own mistress again, she began running after him in the old fashion, and last year—we were all staying together at some house—she spoke out pretty plainly."

"How ever did you know?" asked Val.

"Because I by chance, interrupted the interesting tete-a-tete, and guessed from the lady's agitation what had taken place. When I taxed Vernon with it afterward he could not deny it, but naturally, on her account, he would think himself in honor bound never to mention it, for she must have been very genuinely in love with him to go to such lengths. Wasn't it awkward for him?" wound up Hubert. "If it had happened to me, I should have accepted her, for I never can refuse a woman anything."

Val caught his hand impetuously in hers.

"How can I thank you," she said, the happy smiles playing again around her lips. "I was so angry, so miserable, I did not know what to think, and now everything is delightful again. Vernon said I should like you, and I do, tremendously."

"Thanks," returned Hubert, laughing. "I am glad to be able to return the compliment. And now don't you think you had better make your peace with Vernon, or you will have a certain fair lady carrying tales to him about the violent flirtation we are indulging in."

A few minutes later Vernon, sitting alone in the library, apparently engaged in writing letters, but with a preoccupied air that boded ill for his correspondence, felt two soft arms steal about his neck, and Val's sweet voice said in his ear:

"Can you ever forgive me, dear, for being such a horrid, suspicious wretch? I was so wrong, so very wrong, but I punished myself more than any one."

Vernon's face brightened as he drew her tenderly to him.

"You have made up your mind to trust me in spite of appearances, Val?" he said.

She hid his glowing face on her shoulder.

"I must tell you all," she whispered, "and don't despise me very much, dear."

And she proceeded to recount her conversation with Hubert.

"Tout comprendre, c'est fout pardonner—eh, Val?" he said with a slight smile; "but, there, I won't tease you, dear. It was hardly surprising you were vexed and wanted to know all, and I think I need not ask you to keep silent on the score of what you have heard."

"I promise," said Val, feeling in her newly recovered happiness that she could pardon Mrs. Maitland all her misdoings, since it was love for Vernon which had promoted her to them.

What Tripe Is.

Occasionally you see a man ordering tripe at a hotel, but he always looks hard, as though he hated himself and everybody else. He tries to look as though he enjoyed it, but he does not. Tripe is indigestible, and looks like an India-rubber apron for a child to sit on. When it is picked it looks like dirty clothes put to soak, and when it is cooking it looks as though the cook was boiling a dish cloth. On the table it looks like glue, and tastes like a piece of oil silk umbrella cover. A stomach that is not lined with corrugated iron would be turned wrong side out by the smell of tripe. A man eating tripe at a hotel table looks like an Arctic explorer dining on his boots or chewing pieces of frozen raw dog. You cannot look at a man eating tripe but he will blush and look as though he wanted to apologize and convince you he is taking it to tone up his system. A woman never eats tripe. There is not money enough in the world to hire a woman to take a corner of a sheet of tripe in her teeth and try to pull off a piece. Those who eat tripe are men who have had their stomachs play mean tricks on them, and they eat tripe to get even with their stomachs, and then they go and take a Turkish bath to sweat it out of their system. Tripe is a superstition handed down from a former generation of butchers, who sold all the meat and kept the tripe for themselves and the dogs, but dogs of the present day will not eat tripe. You throw a piece of tripe down in front of a dog, and see if he does not put his tail between his legs and go off and hate you. Tripe may have a value, but it is not as food. It may be good to fill into a burglar proof safe with the cement and chilled steel, or it might answer to use as a breast plate in time of war, or it would be good to use for bumpers between cars, or it would make a good face for the weight of a pile driver, but when you come to smuggle it into your stomach you do wrong. Tripe! Bah! A piece of Turkish towel cooked in axle grease would be a pie compared with tripe.

ANSWER THIS.—Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, billiousness, nervousness, or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver, or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

The authracite coal production thus far this year is 327,523 tons ahead of what it was at the same time last year.

Dare They Do It?

There are signs of great agitation among the Democrats over the Tariff problem. They want to come out openly for Free Trade, but many of them are afraid of the consequences. The attitude of their representatives in Congress at the close of the session left the party squarely committed against Protection, and the bothersome problem now is whether to stand by that position or let the question drop till after the Presidential election. The hot heads of the party are all in favor of reviving the question as soon as Congress meets, and of cutting down the tariff until none is levied save for purposes of revenue. The conservative portion is opposed to this course, not because they are at heart against it, but because they are afraid it will ruin their chances of success in 1884. The whole question, therefore, is whether or not the party will have the courage of its bad convictions. Were it any other party than the Democracy we should feel no doubt in predicting that ordinary political sagacity would prevail and they would leave the subject severely alone till after 1884; but judging their capacity for blundering by past achievements, we are inclined to think they will take the question up promptly upon the reassembling of Congress.

The strongest Democratic journals are urging this course now. They are attacking Mr. Randall as a candidate for Speaker on the ground that he is too much of a Protectionist to properly represent the Tariff position of his party. They claim that when he was Speaker before, he so constructed the committees that the Free Traders were in the minority, and could not accomplish anything. This is a true indictment. Mr. Randall has been just that kind of a man. He is a Protectionist in Pennsylvania and a Free Trader in Washington, so far as his speeches go. But talk at Washington does him no harm at home so long as his acts are in accordance with his home position. His Free Trade utterances are useful in getting him votes for Speaker, but he knows that it is not them but his Protectionists acts which gives him votes enough in Pennsylvania to make him a Congressman. If he is